

ENGLISH LYRICS.

ENGLISH LYRICKS.

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Simplici myrto nihil adlabores

Sedulus curae.

HOR.



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ENGLISH LYRICS.

LINES

Found in a Bower facing the South.

SOFT Cherub of the southern breeze,
Oh ! thou whose voice I love to hear,
When lingering thro' the rustling trees,
With lengthened sighs it soothes mine ear ;

Oh ! thou whose fond embrace to meet,
The young Spring all enamoured flies,
And robs thee of thy kisses sweet,
And on thee pours her laughing eyes !

Thou at whose call the light Fays start,
 That silent in their hidden bower
 Lie penciling with tenderest art,
 The blossom thin and infant flower !

Soft Cherub of the southern breeze,
 Oh ! if aright I tune the reed
 Which thus thine ear would hope to please,
 By simple lay, and humble meed ;

And if aright, with anxious zeal,
 My willing hands this bower have made,
 Still let this bower thine influence feel,
 And be its gloom thy favourite shade !

For thee of all the cherub train,
 Alone my votive muse would woo,
 Of all that skim along the main,
 Or walk at dawn yon mountains blue ;

Of all that slumber in the grove,
 Or playful urge the gossamer's flight,
 Or down the vale or streamlet move,
 With whisper soft, and pinion light.

I court thee, thro' the glimmering air,
 When morning springs from slumbers still,

And waving bright his golden hair,
 Stands tiptoe on yon eastern hill.

I court thee, when at noon reclined,
 I watch the murmuring insect throng
 In many an airy spiral wind,
 Or silent climb the leaf along.

I court thee when the flow'rets close,
 And drink no more receding light,
 And when calm eve to soft repose,
 Sinks on the bosom of the night.

And when beneath the moon's pale beam,
 Alone mid shadowy rocks I roam,
 And waking visions round me gleam,
 Of beings, and of worlds to come.

Smooth glides with thee my pensive hour,
 Thou warm'st to life my languid mind ;
 Thou cheer'st a frame with genial power,
 That droops in every ruder wind.

Breathe Cherub ! breathe ! once soft and warm,
 Like thine, the gale of Fortune blew,
 How has the desolating storm
 Swept all I gazed on from my view !

Unseen, unknown, I wait my doom,
 The haunts of men indignant flee,
 Hold to my heart a listless gloom,
 And joy but in the muse and thee.

ODE TO FORTUNE.

Written in June 1793.

AND smil'st thou Fortune? with what eager haste,
 Around the giddy troop are thronging seen,
 That fly the gathering clouds, the wintry blast,
 And love the zephyr warm, the sky serene!
 Light Vanity, loud laughing Joy,
 And Pleasure, with her wandering eye,
 And Friendship false, with looks sincere,
 And Flattery, with her fawning leer;
 And Insolence, that fears not grief to know,
 But turns from Misery's tale, nor feels another's woe!

Oh thou ! that in thine anger keen,
 And in indulgence, still unkind,
 Now would'st from every virtue wean,
 Now to distraction try the mind—
 See when thou frown'st, how soon appear
 Rude Ignorance, with brutal sneer,
 The fiends that lift the lash on high,
 The forms that tremble and that sigh,
 And Horror wild, with eyes that chilling glare,
 Affection bending pale, and heedless still Despair !

Calm History opes, with sorrowing mien,
 The volume of recorded years ;
 Mark, Fortune ! where thy page is seen,
 'Tis dyed with blood—'tis wet with tears—
 Mourn on thou Bard^a in deathless lays
 Thy slighted Muse—" thine evil days ;"
 Mourn Science o'er the early sage,^b
 The bigot fire, the iron age ;
 Brutus, lead on the hapless patriot train,
 What countless hosts succeed! the great, the brave, the vain.

Thou Grandeur ! first lead on th'unnumber'd band,
 By Fortune taught in every distant age ;

(a) Milton.

(b) Galileo.

Now proud to wave the sceptre of command,
 Now lost, to sink beneath her giddy rage,
 But hark ! a moaning voice I hear,
 From Fotheringay^a it reach'd mine ear,
 Fair queen ! and hast thou unrestored
 Unpitied still, a queen implored,
 And could not all that art and nature gave,
 From thrice six years of sighs, and from a scaffold save ?

Is that the cheek which once with beauty bloom'd,
 That the soft smile that could the rudest warm,
 Those the bright eyes that once a court illum'd,
 And that the form that once a world could charm ?
 Eliza ! that with iron mind,
 A woman born, forgot'st thy kind,
 Fiends at thy midnight couch shall wait,
 Shall howl to thee of Mary's fate,
 Her form glare near thee as thou sickening liest,
 And burning Essex come and scorn thee as thou diest !

Still seen where glory's path untrod was found,
 Fortune ! by thee Charles^b was to madness fired ;
 —A Comet, that raged wild the world around,
 Then sudden at thy word, to night retired.

(a) The prison of Mary, Queen of Scots.

(b) Charles XII. of Sweden.

For thee, at Louis's^a gaudy shrine,
 Low bowed the Arts, the Muse divine ;
 Why call'dst thou Marlborough to invade
 The idol which thyself had made ;
 And pierce the bubble in bright tints attir'd,
 Launch'd gay on Folly's tide, and by thy breath inspir'd?

" Return'st thou then again, thou lonely beam,
 " To light the cell where Horror ever reigns ?
 " Thus thro' yon lattice pour thy silent gleam,
 " And shew this wasted form—this straw—these chains ?
 " — Fortune ! beyond the western wave,
 " Did I for this th'oppressor brave ?
 " Did France start up from death and night,
 " Touch'd by my spear, to life and light ?"
 —See Fortune how that captive shakes his chains,
 And blush that voice to hear, for 'tis FAYETTE complains.

And he, my lyre, who thus would fondly try,
 To sound thy chords, with all untutor'd skill,
 Was he ne'er doom'd by Fortune's frown to sigh,
 And drink the cup her hands with sorrow fill ?
 Alas ! how beauteous to his gaze,
 Once rose the forms that Hope pourtrays,

(a) Louis XIV. of France.

When Fortune in thy lap she lies,
 And steals thy pencil and thy dyes :
 How joyless now, how solitary here
 On earth I languid wait, till happier worlds appear !

Yet cease my Muse !—to me was Fortune kind,
 Oh ! cast thy glance appall'd to Gallia's shore,
 Mark there—the whirlwinds of her changeful mind,
 How the world rocks beneath her awful power.
 Mourn, ever mourn, thou generous sage !
 That fondly hoped a brighter age,
 Check thy weak heart's presumptuous zeal,
 Man cannot reason, cannot feel—
 Bid Virtue hasten to some desert lone,
 And hail the wilds that hear no footsteps but her own.

ANACREONTIC.

BRIGHT while smiles the sparkling wine,
Music, breathe thy softened strain,
Bid the heart its griefs resign,
Useless cares and wishes vain.
Time, our sorrow or our joy,
Heedless, will alike destroy.

Hope, to cheer the path we tread,
Can but bid her violets spring ;
Mirth, but round her sunshine spread,
Pleasure, but her roses bring ;
Catch, enjoy, the noon-tide ray,
Ere lowers the sky, ere sets the day.

STANZAS TO FANCY.

THE dreams that own thy soft controul,
 Come Fancy, for thy votary weave ;
 Lift high thy wand ! my willing soul,
 Shall bless thy fictions, and believe.
 The gale too rude, the lowering sky,
 The cheerless path I long have known,
 Come aid me Fancy, we'll descry
 A world far happier of our own.

Fine forms alone shall visit there,
 With gentle voice and soften'd mien ;
 Nor cold Distrust, nor Pride severe,
 Nor Selfishness shall there be seen ;
 And Hope shall with her sunshine gay,
 Light up our landscapes and our skies,
 And Tenderness there fearless stray,
 With swelling heart and dewy eyes,

The hapless plant, whose feeling frame,
 Turns from the stranger's touch away,
 Exists but in the soften'd beam,
 Which art around it can convey ;
 By every passing gale distress,
 By coarser stems that near it rise,
 By every impulse rude oppress,
 Expose it, and like me, it dies !

VERSES

Sent to a Lady with a Prize Carnation.

TO her, who shall thy beauties know,
 With taste to mark, with skill explore ;
 Go, flower, in modest triumph go,
 And charm the maid that I adore—
 Go, envied flower, and whilst her eye
 Surveys thy form with critic care,
 And while she smiles bestows, which I
 Would barter worlds with thee to share,
 In thine own history, if thou canst, impart
 The thought I cannot speak that glows within my heart.

Thus tell her, that in thee she views
 A flower for beauty far renown'd,
 The fairest form, the brightest hues,
 Approv'd, admir'd the country round,
 Tell her to find a flower as fair,
 That I myself with happy pride,
 Search'd every garden and parterre,
 But flower like thee I none descried,
 No flower by nature's hand, so richly drest,
 So partially adorned, so exquisitely blest.

But tell her, I with reason fear'd,
 A stem like thine could ne'er sustain
 Singly, so weak, so unprepar'd,
 The driving wind, the beating rain ;
 And say, that hence a stronger reed
 I stationed at thy friendless side,
 A guardian band round each convey'd,
 And both in happy union tyed,
 That wedded thus, safe could thy gentle form,
 Pour forth its opening sweets, and mock the coming storm.

Thus, sweet ambassadress, from me,
 Thus, beauteous flower, bespeak the fair,
 And if she should the moral see,
 (For more is meant than meets the ear)
 And if thou mark a truant smile,
 Quick o'er her bright'ning features fly,

And if a vivid gleam, the while,
 Fire the blue lustre of her eye ;
 Ah ! then, thou loveliest flower ! kind, faithful be,
 And bear one fond, one warm, one trembling vow from me.

THE ADIEU.

CEASE, cease those sighs ! I cannot bear,
 Hark, hark ! the drums are calling ;
 Oh ! I must chide that coward tear,
 Yet kiss it, as 'tis falling.

Eliza ! bid thy soldier go,
 Why thus my heart-strings sever ?
 Ah ! be not thou my honour's foe,
 Or I am lost for ever.

Trust, trust that Being kind above !
 With mind serene and steady,
 He'll never bruise, believe me, love !
 The heart that breaks already.

He thro' thy inmost soul can peer,
And all its springs discover;
He'll teach thy weakness how to bear,
Or give thee back thy lover.

Is He—the mighty Lord of all,
Unable to protect thee?
Will He, who marks the sparrow fall,
O'erlook thee, or neglect thee?

Serene yon dreadful field I see,
Whatever fate betide me,
Thy innocence shall shelter thee,
And I've no wish beside thee.

ODE TO REASON.

Written in 1794.

REASON! stern Power! while thus I dare
 To breathe thy name along my lyre,
 The unmoving strings no answering sounds prepare,
 And the Muse trembling would retire—
 Yet tho' thine awful form I view,
 And feel it to my soul diffuse
 Its influence cold, thine homage due
 To thee my venturous hand shall pay,
 And careless of the Muse,
 Force from the sluggish strings th' involuntary lay.

But who thine homage shall deny,
 Or call thy lessons too severe?
 Shall Man, weak insect of the sunny hour,
 Being of groveling soul and nerveless frame,

Of Selfishness the slave, or Fancy's power,
 Shall man, thy lore sublime presume to blame ?
 O Reason ! from thy judging eye
 Abash'd I shrink ; yet sure my heart must owe
 To thee its bliss below ;
 Rear'd by thy patient care, alone, can grow
 Those flowers of temperate joy,
 Whose blooms can charm unchang'd, nor storm, nor
 winter know.

Oh bear me to the realms that own thy sway !
 No burning fiends are there
 Of passion or despair—
 No shapes fantastick, bred in Fashion's ray,
 Nor there can dwell with thee
 The forms of wilder'd sympathy—
 Nor sanguine Hope, whose vest in rainbow dyes
 Still glitters gay, who mocks thy whisper'd fears,
 Pours on some distant good her eager eyes,
 Steps on destruction's gulf, and shrieking disappears—

Nor there, with languid mien,
 Is feverish Pleasure seen,
 Nor, Vanity with Scorn unmark'd behind,
 Nor Superstition with her shuddering train,
 Nor Fancy's ills, that agonize the mind
 Keen as the real ministers of Pain—

Nor Sloth, that drest in Wisdom's garb deludes,
 Nor hot Ambition, nor exhausted Care,
 Nor Vice, too late that o'er transgression broods,
 Wakes from his trance profound, yet wakes but to despair.

But Virtue there still listens to thy lore,
 And learns from thee the future to presage,
 Lest still her useless toils she should deplore,
 Her generous errors, her misguided rage.—
 Calm'd by thy voice and by thy lessons wise,
 Yet still with heart that melts, and soften'd eyes,
 Patient she bends the forms of Misery o'er,
 And gives the bliss she only wish'd before—
 And taught by thee, with chasten'd zeal,
 For others faults she learns to feel,
 The motive dim with care survey,
 Scan Judgment's errors—Passion's sway ;
 O'er Frailty's fall the triumph to forbear,
 And sheltering shades for Penitence prepare ;
 From thee too learns, serene,
 O'er life's tumultuous scene,
 Patient to look, nor yet the future dread ;
 Nor yet expect, with youthful mind,
 Its perfect bliss on earth to find,
 But modestly to tread,
 The primrose path of Hope, and wait for Heaven resign'd.

And oft to catch thy look that comfort bears,
 To hear thee gently counsel, not reprove,
 With step reluctant, to thy realms repairs,
 The melancholy form of hopeless love—
 That now attentive to thy accents kind
 Calm, patient, mourns ; now musing fond appears
 In visions dear, and now with moody mind,
 Far from thy soft voice flies to anguish and to tears.

To thee of every land and isle,
 The Genius bends within thy sacred bowers,
 And woos thee on his nation lov'd, to smile,
 And wake its slumbering powers ;
 To bid some Odin to his ruder train
 Lead the young art, the social band entwine ;
 Some Alfred rise, and burning with disdain,
 Breathe thro' the kindling mass, and pour the soul divine ;
 Some great Columbus, in thy fostering smile
 Secure and blest, an erring world despise ;
 Some Newton soar, and patient of thy toil,
 Wave thy bright banner in the viewless skies ;
 'Till order blest securely reign,
 'Till labour cheerful toil, nor feel disdain,
 Nor mourn its energies confin'd ;
 'Till commerce speed, with every sail unfurled,
 And o'er the cold dark desert of the world,
 Full rolls in glittering tide the lustre of the mind.

Ah dreams of bliss ! why, Reason, am I doom'd,
 Thy tardy smile, thy imperfect sway to moan ?
 Lo ! how the Bramin, with faint light illum'd,
 Boasts but the wisdom of an age unknown.
 Still dead to thought the northern savage roves ;
 Wide spreads Siberia her uncultured plains ;
 And Afric's son beneath his palmy groves,
 Feels not the night, that o'er his bosom reigns—

Ye Indians meek beyond the southern wave*,
 Whom not your worlds of gold could save
 From fiends, that clad in terrors new,
 Wide o'er your realms resistless flew,
 Say what your bright reward, your tardy gains,
 For murder'd heroes, and for ravag'd plains ?
 —Contempt, and ignorance, and chains.
 The Moor, the Arab, science have resigned,
 No heavenly rays the Egyptian's breast illum'd,
 Look down ye deathless sages of mankind,
 See your lov'd Athens, hear the indignant sighs of Rome !

But where nor Tyranny's control,
 Nor Superstition chills the soul,
 Ah Reason ! say,

(a) South America.

Boastst thou no realms that own thy sway!
 —Oh whither shall I turn, and where survey,
 The blissful land, where raptur'd I may view
 Thy Power rever'd with homage due?

Wide as I gaze around,
 An hapless world is found,
 In varying horrors wrapt, by varying madness fir'd,
 And far to Darkness deep thy radiant form retir'd.

Here Freedom wild
 Bursts thro' thy laws with blood defil'd;
 The patriot hero there expires in vain;
 There glare upon my view th'unburied slain,
 Whose whitening bones have strew'd th'ensanguin'd plain;
 While near in ruin'd heaps the hamlet lies,
 That burning heard the cries
 Of innocence and bliss, that smile no more
 The peaceful cottage round, the ripen'd harvest o'er;
 And desolation cold alone is found
 To plant her wild weeds there and spread her silence round!

Or if on lands more blest,
 The Muse by human woes oppress'd,
 Should fix her sorrowing eye—
 —For ever let her sigh
 Fond, o'er the patriot sage, that vainly braved
 The storm of Folly's rage, and would a world have saved.—

Oh Reason ! pour oblivion wide,
 Oh hide, for ever hide
 Those hours of woe severe,
 Disgrace and carnage near ;
 Those hours of peril strange, when unknown fear,
 Still as to gaze around she turns,
 Bids the Muse start, and tremble as she mourns—

Oh sweep from Memory's page,
 The records of our age !
 Lest every future sage, and chief of daring mind,
 To chill despair resign'd,
 Nor longer weave the great design,
 Nor toil with energy divine,
 But man for bliss unfit, nor for thy sway design'd,
 Impatient deem, and scorn his helpless kind.

And lone, in distant years,
 Some future Muse with tears,
 Sad mourn like mine, if still the Muse may sing,
 In melancholy lays,
 The sorrows of her days ;
 How man on man could all remorseless spring,
 For War loud raving, and for vengeance wild,
 Far from his brow the wreath of Virtue fling ;
 Nor more, thy empire own, nor feel thy influence mild,

Than if, while yet the world was young,
Fresh from his den a savage he had sprung,
And joy'd but in the desert drear,
The deed of blood—the shriek of fear—

Yet Reason, if one trembling prayer,
One human sigh thy favouring ear may gain ;
Oh be again man's hapless race thy care ;
Bliss, Order, Mercy, come but in thy train—
O'er this new chaos bid thy spirit move ;
Disperse the deepen'd night of Ignorance blind—
Wake the dead heart to sympathy and love,
And pitying, turn not thus in horror from mankind.

LINES

Written in a Garden Seat.

IF Mirth alone to thee be dear,
If Sorrow ne'er thy heart refin'd,
If frolic youth thy bosom cheer,
And spirits light, and Fortune kind,

No longer let thine eye peruse
What here inscribed thy glance may see;
For I this artless verse would chuse,
Unmarked by mortals blest like thee.

But, stranger, at the touch of pain
If e'er thy heart was doomed to thrill,
If Melancholy ever deign
To steep thy soul in slumbers still;

If harsh unkindness e'er for thee
Prepared that keen envenomed dart,
Which tenderness can seldom flee,
And left it rankling in thy heart;

Thee would I greet with kindest lay,
Would say, like thee that others mourn,
And chide thee soft, if chide I may,
And bid thee bear what I have borne.

And tell thee, stranger, if to me
Thy sacred griefs had but been known,
One heart at least had felt for thee,
And made thy sorrows all its own.

THE REVERIE.

—Oh Love! Tormentor! Fiend! whose influence, like the Moon's,
acting on men of dull souls, makes Idiots of them; but meeting subtler spirits,
betrays their course, and urges Sensibility to Madness.

SHERIDAN.

COULD Julia, were she present, chide,
If down my cheek unbidden strays
A tear, which I in vain would hide,
In fancy while on her I gaze?
Her form, which musing I survey,
Now whispers to my wayward heart,
That even her charms must feel decay,
That life must close—that we must part—

And must then, youth's gay summer past,
The sky that smiles, the gales that warm,
Must Julia feel the piercing blast,
And shudder in the wintry storm?—

Has nature breath'd with tenderest care,
 Perfection o'er her matchless frame ;
 No happier privilege to share,
 No rescue from decay to claim ?

Must all that glow, that spirit gay,
 That essence fine, that angel mind,
 From rudest moulds of vulgar clay,
 No kind distinction hope to find ?
 Time ! canst thou view a form so fair,
 Nor wish thy triumph to resign ?
 Resides no charm superior there,
 To bid thee feel one pang like mine ?

Ah Julia ! must that morrow come,
 When I in anguish shall behold
 That cheek, with animated bloom
 No longer warm—pale—shrunk—and cold—
 Those lips, whence I such kisses steal,
 Robb'd of their dye and honied store,
 No more to make one proud appeal,
 Or speak one tempting challenge more ?

Ah ! must that hour at length arrive,
 When I may press that hand so fair,
 Now to my slightest touch alive,
 Yet feel no pulses trembling there ?—

Nor more those eyes of soften'd blue
 With liquid fondness sparkling beam,
 But seem their long, their last adieu,
 In every faded look to gleam.

In some dread season of despair,
 Must keen disease, must wasting pain,
 Seize e'en thy form? and I be near,
 To count the sighs that moan in vain;
 Wipe thy damp brow, with trembling hand,
 See o'er thy frame Death's tremors creep,
 Pale o'er thy sinking ruin stand,
 And feel the grief that cannot weep.—

Oh Julia! let me far remove,
 Far from those charms I must adore;
 To me 'tis agony to love—
 Far let me fly, and love no more—
 Cease madd'ning thought! with thee to part—
 Thou Pow'r that hear'st the feeblest call,
 Thou Pow'r that guard'st the breaking heart,
 —Oh save! for I am weakness all.—

FOR THE

BLIND ASYLUM,

LIVERPOOL.

STRANGER pause—for thee the day
Smiling pours its cheerful ray,
Spreads the lawn, and rears the bower,
Lights the stream, and paints the flower.

Stranger, pause—with soften'd mind,
Learn the sorrows of the Blind;
Earth and seas, and varying skies,
Visit not their cheerless eyes.

Not for them the bliss to trace
The chissel's animating grace;
Nor on the glowing canvass find
The poet's soul, the sage's mind.

Not for them the heart is seen,
Speaking thro' th'expressive mien;
Not for them are pictur'd there
Friendship, pity, love sincere.

Helpless, as they slowly stray,
Childhood points their cheerless way;
Or the wand exploring guides
Fault'ring steps, where fear presides.

Yet for them has Genius kind
Humble pleasures here assign'd;
Here with unexpected ray,
Reach'd the soul that felt no day.

Lonely blindness here can meet
Kindred woes, and converse sweet;
Torpido once, can learn to smile
Proudly o'er its useful toil.

He, who deign'd for man to die,
Op'd on day the darken'd eye;
Humbly copy—thou canst feel—
Give thine alms—thou canst not heal.

VERSES,

*ENCLOSING SOME BRIDE-CAKE,**Left on the Toilet of a Lady.*

BENEATH thy pillow, gentle maid,
Be this my magic present laid,
And soon as sleep shall near thee steal,
And thy mild eyes' soft lustre veil ;
And soon as we, a fairy train,
That still flit round thee, still unseen,
Have gazing mark'd, with fond regret,
Each waking grace till morning set ;
To bless thy slumbers shall arise
Bright visions, dress'd in mystic dyes ;
Gay forms shall seem, in jocund measure,
Round thee to dance, and promise pleasure ;

Some smile, and bid new scenes appear ;
 Some whisper secrets in thine ear ;
 And others to thy beating heart,
 Sweeter and dearer thoughts impart,
 Than thou, tho' musing and alone,
 In waking hours hast ever known—

Yet, ere my gift would lose its power,
 And these blest visions would be o'er,
 Some envious Gnome may interpose,
 And dare thine eye-lids to uncloze ;
 Or some bright scene of promis'd joy
 May some fine nerve so rudely try,
 Shoot thro' thy brain so fierce an heat,
 Or bid some pulse so quickly beat,
 That thou, or e'er the morning wake,
 Shalt feel thy rosy slumbers break ;
 Then think, while all the room around,
 Thine ear can catch no mortal sound ;
 All darkness, solitude and quiet,
 Save thine own heart's unusual riot,
 While musing on the visions past,
 Thou sigh'st such dreams no longer last,
 Find'st every dear delusion gone,
 Each shadowy joy for ever flown,
 Hangst o'er each scene with fondness vain,
 And almost weep'st to sleep again,

And vow'st, that for repose like this
 Thou'dst years bestow of waking bliss ;
 Then think, and let thy bosom own
 How much thou owest to OBERON.

And how shall this, thou gentle maid,
 Thy debt to Oberon be paid ?
 Oh ! swear by all the night has told,
 By all the future may unfold ;
 By all the vows, and ardent sighs
 That hourly to thy beauty rise ;
 By every hope thine heart has known,
 By all it can, and cannot own ;
 By all the triumphs of thine eye,
 And by that rose of conscious dye
 Which, e'er the night be past, shall break
 With fresher lustre o'er thy cheek ;
 Oh ! swear if lips of mortal clay
 Could joy to lips like mine convey ;
 Oh ! swear, when next we meet alone,
 Thou'dst give one kiss to Oberon ;
 And richly will I own, fair maid,
 Thy debt to Oberon o'erpaid.

For this shall all our fairy choir
 Watch near thee when thou strik'st the lyre :

Each string, with oft repeated care,
 Tune, till it please a fairy ear ;
 Nor let the lagging leaf impede
 Thy rapid fingers' brilliant speed ;
 The melting trill, the cadence sweet,
 The grace, inspirit and complete ;
 Thine hand o'er every chord attend,
 To every note a finish lend,
 And something to thy touch impart,
 Shall almost vie with CRAMER's art.

Others for this on busy wing
 Shall treasures for thy pallet bring.
 Some gather colours from the flowers
 That bloom unknown in fairy bowers ;
 Some viewless mount, and catch the dyes
 That glittering float in western skies ;
 Some steal the vivid tints away,
 That in the bright Aurora play ;
 And some the hues that richly glow,
 Quick freshening in the liquid bow :
 And when thou bidst the landscape warm,
 Or the bold starting figure charm ;
 Or when thy hand, meand'ring, pours
 O'er the light gauze the living flowers ;
 Or deigns its magic to employ
 To deck the ribbon, or the toy ;

Whate'er the work—the work to bless,
Myriads shall round thy pencil press ;
With tiny hands, and fairy care,
Adjust, compose each straggling hair,
And call, where'er thy touch is found,
A delicate perfection round,
Which mortal art has never known,
And CREWE herself would fear to own.

I too, with ardent vows, and sighs,
And “ fruitful rivers in mine eyes,”
Will pray each gentle Power above,
Who beauty, youth, and virtue love,
No longer to withhold each blessing,
I know they mean for thy possessing ;
But realize without delay,
Whate'er, while visions round thee play,
This night thine eyes may seem to view,
And thine heart wish, to-morrow, true.

THE DREAM.

STAY, gentle spirit of the night,
Oh ! fly not thus—in pity stay !
I sicken at returning light ;
Prolong my dream, forbid the day !

Sleeping, I thought, my Myra fair
Hung fondly on my arm reclin'd,
Nor felt the while my heart aware,
The maid had ever been unkind.

Still seems her form my sight to bless,
To smile and linger on my view—
Still seems her gentle hand to press ;
Still speak her eyes of liquid blue.

Still vibrate on my listening ears,
The murmurs that confess'd her kind ;
Still in mine eyes, the trembling tears,
Wak'd by her tenderness, I find.

The sighs that from her bosom stole,
Even now my ravish'd senses fire ;
My pulses throb, and all my soul
Aches with regret, and fond desire—

Hear, spirit kind ! thy suppliant hear,
Again, my longing eyes I close ;
Oh ! prompt again the vision dear,
And let me ever thus repose.

Ah ! know, that to thy shadowy aid,
Thy mimic power, my breast must owe
The only joy the cruel maid
Will ever on my love bestow.

STANZAS,

Written in December 1794.

HAS Freedom's flame thy breast illumed ?
 Has Reason there her rights assumed ?
 —Warm will thy bosom feel, and glow
 For human bliss, for human woe.

Ages roll, and see unblest
 A nation stretch'd in iron rest !
 An Hero calls—wide ope her eyes—
 Falls he ?—in death again she lies !

Saw'st thou, on yon northern plains,
 The slave exulting burst his chains,
 While Freedom wav'd her banners high,
 And twin'd the wreath of Victory ?

Proudly swell'd thy gen'rous heart ?
 Warm to thine eyes did rapture start ?
 The banner sinks—the wreath is torn—
 With me for Kosciusko mourn.

ODE TO MIRTH.

THOU, with hurried step advancing,
 Restless round thine eye quick glancing,
 On thy cheek the rose fresh glowing,
 To the breeze thy zone loose flowing,
 Mirth ! oh stay thee, and awhile
 Let me bask beneath thy smile—
 Dearest goddess ! for my soul
 Willing owns thy lov'd controul ;
 Ever let me bend to thee,
 Ever be thy votary—

Earth and air, the sea, the skies,
 Each to man a bliss supplies.
 Countless beings in light measure
 Round him dance and whisper pleasure,
 Still to joy desires inviting,
 Answering senses still delighting.

Where their gloom could sages borrow,
 Man who call the child of sorrow ?
 For sure tho' Mirth but airy phantoms bring,
 Tho' pleasure in our way no roses fling ;
 Tho' scorn'd by all the powers that I adore—
 Still mighty Love ! hast thou no joys in store ?
 Thy soft delusions, and delicious fears,
 Fond hopes, and keen delights, and burning tears ;
 Oh ! tell them all, or bid these grey-beards wise
 Cast but one glance on my ELIZA's eyes.

Mine too be each softened Pleasure,
 Thou, Thalia, canst impart ;
 Laughter, happy beyond measure,
 Gaiety, that mends the heart !
 These are thine, and Satire keen,
 Wit, that jeers eccentric Folly,
 And Tenderness, that cloaths the scene,
 In transient, pleasing melancholy—
 —Or see where Fancy now in trance profound,
 On some loved scene her pencil silent plies ;
 Nor hears the busy world that murmurs round,
 Or smiles to hear, and listens to despise ;
 And starting now, with look impatient calls,
 And bids her beaming car the lightnings bear,
 Far, far beyond the realms where sunbeam falls,
 Or comets on the darkness pour their glare ;

And there her mysteries to her favorites shews,
 Sketching bright visions on the deepened gloom ;
 Or weaves dark dreams, while as the texture grows,
 Surprise broods raptured o'er the awful loom.

And me too, if on me she deign to smile,
 Let musing Science shew her inmost bowers,
 And all her lore unfold—unheard the while
 On gliding wing shall move the silent hours.
 Ah ! blest the man, for whom with patient care,
 She culls unfading flowers of calm delight,
 And leads him wondering o'er the earth and air,
 The boundless ocean, and the realms of light—
 High raised from vulgar eyes to happier spheres,
 He breathes an air more balmy and serene :
 The while, at distance, echoed faint he hears
 The murmuring waves of life's tumultuous scene.

Nor to me a cheerless beam
 Would the circling sun display,
 If the Arts one sacred gleam,
 In my favoured breast survey.
 Thought, incessant and refin'd,
 Toil, that no fatigue should know,
 On the busy hand and mind,
 Unveiling nature would bestow.

And pausing still, from labours blest,
 What time the lengthened shadows fall;
 How often with surrendered breast,
 Thee, Music! would I love to call.
 Thee would I call, for thou wouldst bring
 Those gentle pleasures in thy train,
 That hovering oft on downy wing,
 Enamoured listen to thy strain.

Those forms too, would thy steps attend,
 Those musing forms that round thee throng,
 And shadowy sit, and listening bend,
 Oft as they catch thy pensive song;
 And languid, I by turns would hear,
 Their whispers soft, thy plaintive shell,
 And bid, entranc'd, in visions dear,
 The dim, receding world farewell—

Yet not farewell—for who would lose,
 Oh Memory! soft, soothing power,
 Thy pictures dress'd in tenderest hues,
 Thy lonely walk, thy silent hour;
 Dear relicks, left by worth and love,
 And honour, in my heart I bear,
 Oft let me turn, and look, and prove,
 That safe remain my treasures there—

In summer heats—at midnight's hour,
 When waked from rest by Cynthia's beam,
 I mark how soft her glances pour
 On hoary hill or silvery stream :
 My soul all yielding, I diffuse
 The still and sleeping landscape o'er ;
 Then Memory oft with thee I muse,
 On days that must return no more.

When winter chills the darkened air,
 And embers faint the hearth illume,
 Lonely I watch their mimic glare,
 People with forms the twilight gloom ;
 As Fancy points, my course I chuse ;
 Calm realms of thought I wander o'er ;
 Then Memory ! oft with thee I muse,
 On days that must return more.

When fast the lowering evenings close,
 And parting autumn's stormy train,
 Wake sullen winter from repose,
 And bend the woods, and sweep the main ;
 Thee, Memory, then I turn to woo,
 I sigh expiring Nature o'er,
 And pensively with thee I view
 Lov'd hours, that must return no more—

Sweet is the call of whispering spring—
 I hear, and range the lawns and groves,
 And mark how life unfolds his wing,
 And o'er earth, air, and ocean roves.
 "And thus," I cry, "Did Hope diffuse
 "Once her soft light my bosom o'er,"
 Then Memory, sad, with thee I muse,
 On joys that must return no more.—

True—to me has bounteous Heaven,
 Now a kinder fate bestowed,
 And with lavish hand has given
 Bliss to me it never owed.

Still tho' bright the day be shining,
 Clouds that in the morn were seen,
 Not, as yet, the sky resigning,
 Oft floating pass the blue serene.

He too, who, in boundless measure,
 Blessings may from Fortune gain,
 Oft must pause and turn from pleasure,
 Feeling for another's pain :

The heart to cheer, Affection warm extends
 Her beauteous web around with fingers fine,
 But Ah ! when Fate or Chance the texture rends,
 She finds with sighs, "she liv'd along the line."

The fondest look that e'er pourtrayed the mind,
 The richest bliss that sympathy e'er gave,
 Full dearly purchas'd, will the mourner find,
 Who tends the bed of pain, or decks the grave,

From ills like these, from sorrows of her own,
 E'en virtues self no kind repose can know ;
 Too oft with contest faint and cheerless grown,
 She hopes not rest or happiness below ;

Fixed on those realms, where no wild passion fires,
 Where no keen sorrow in the heart delays,
 No sickening want to solitude retires,
 Nor pain on the shrunk frame resistless preys—

But whither have my thoughts unbidden stray'd,
 Where fled the dreams that did my senses fold,
 Ah Mirth, while scarce my vows to thee were paid,
 Is the gleam o'er, and is my heart grown cold ?

Enchantress fair ! to gain one happy hour
 Like me, if e'er another suppliant bend,
 Unceasing let thy wand its influence pour,
 For if thy votary think—thy visions end.

STANZAS,

*Written with a Pen given to the Author by a Lady,
who desired him to write Verses with it.*

AGAIN the morn I see return,
From restless slumbers waking;
And list, I hear kind Fancy near,
Thus o'er my pillow speaking;
" In eastern skies, unnumbered dyes
" Gay sportive Sylphs are blending,
" And busy Fays support and raise
" The flowers with dew-drops bending.

" Describe," she cries, " or ere it flies
" Each tint and beauty glowing."—
—I hear—I gaze—my pen I seize,
My raptur'd heart o'erflowing—
—I turn away—the tints decay—
And Fancy hastes to leave me;
For I too pleas'd, the Pen have seiz'd,
The pen that Lucy gave me.

The stream I find, and there reclin'd
 At noon, lie idly musing ;
 In thoughts that range thro' visions strange,
 Myself all listless losing ;
 Or marking light, o'er mountains bright,
 The clouds thin shadow sailing,
 Or the quick blaze, that tremulous plays
 The fallow warm exhaling.

I watch the fly of azure dye,
 Adown the stream gay roving ;
 Or earnest bee, unlike to me,
 Its little hour improving—
 Where, stream, so fast with fretful haste ?
 Thy murmurs sound like mourning,
 Thou seem'st with pain, to seek the main,
 And art thou ne'er returning ?

Thus fleets away, life's little day—
 —Soft Fancy hovers o'er me ;
 "Come Bard, arise, come sketch," she cries,
 "The moral here before thee."
 Her smiles illumine my bosom's gloom—
 —But, Fancy, dost thou leave me ?
 —Ah me ! again I've seiz'd the pen,
 The pen that Lucy gave me.

I leave the rill, I climb the hill,
 What time the flowers are closing ;
 And mark the while, oppress'd with toil,
 The western sun reposing ;
 Now see the wave, his broad orb lave,
 Now see the wave bright gleaming ;
 Now o'er the skies, with gorgeous dyes,
 His parting mantle streaming.

Beside the grove alone I rove,
 And watch the landscape fading,
 And evening see, with smiles to me,
 Calm contemplation leading ;
 Soft sighs I hear of breezy air,
 And streams at distance falling,
 Or the lone bird at twilight heard,
 Its truant part'ner calling.

Far from me flies, or sinks and dies
 Within, each rude emotion ;
 Stay, evening, stay, to thee I'll pay
 A meed of true devotion ;
 Ne'er will the Muse for thee refuse—
 —Soft visions, how you leave me ?
 Ah me ! again I've seiz'd the pen,
 The pen that Lucy gave me.

Silent I stray beneath the ray,
 The moon, lone wanderer, lends me :
 Thou modest Power, I love thy hour,
 Kind pensiveness attends thee ;
 I love thy light all silvery bright,
 That on the sea-wave dances,
 That tips the hill, that skirts the rill,
 And in the valley glances.—

Pleas'd let me gaze, and mark her rays,
 Now the far spire disclosing,
 Now sparkling shew outstretch'd below
 Yon star, the main reposing :
 The shadowy scene, the sky serene,
 The soften'd air diffusing
 A charm to bind th'o'erflowing mind,
 In melancholy musing.

Beyond that main, ah me ! complain
 What countless sons of anguish !
 Tho' these bless'd plains, no slaughter stains,
 Tho' here no mourners languish—
 The gen'rous POLE with fainting soul,
 From reeking tyrants flying,
 To Britain's strand, to Freedom's land,
 In vain for pity sighing.

Muse ! wake the strain, that fires disdain,
 Bid Justice, Nature, hear thee—
 —But whence and why thus meet my eye
 The Forms that now are near me ?
 Soft Forms bedight, in rosy light,
 They smile—they will not leave me—
 —Ah ! me, again I've seiz'd the pen,
 The pen that Lucy gave me.

—My soul is thine, thou gift divine !
 Be thine my fond effusions ;
 The Muse I'll fly, of curious eye,
 And mock her cold illusions :
 Thou thrill'st my sight, with wild delight,
 With dreams of hope and pleasure !
 Thou bear'st a charm, my soul to warm,
 That passes Fancy's measure.

What spells are bound thy Form around,
 That thus my heart disquiet,
 That pour amain, thro' ev'ry vein,
 This wild unbidden riot ?
 I turn my sight, from visions bright,
 With which the Muse once bless'd me ;
 I turn to thee, come sketch for me,
 The maid that once possess'd thee ;

The smile that flies, and warms her eyes,
 When Fancy melts or fires her ;
 The loves that sip her roseate lip,
 The softness that attires her,
 The blooms that speak, quick o'er her cheek,
 Kind sympathies pourtraying,
 The lambent rays of grace and ease,
 For ever round her playing.

—Why, Fancy, here uncall'd appear,
 Significantly smiling ;
 As if my breast some pow'r possest,
 Too fatally beguiling ?
 Then lend thine aid ! come, I'll persuade,
 This treach'rous Power to leave me ;
 —But ah ! again I've seiz'd the pen,
 The pen that Lucy gave me.

THE SERAPH.

STANZAS.—*The Angel Speaking.*

“ WAKE! rise! thy sleep of Death is o’er,
 “ Bold spread thy wing! exulting soar!—
 “ —Think not, these darksome realms of Pain
 “ The Form I summon can detain;—
 “ With me to worlds of heavenly light,
 “ Spring, Julia! thro’ this mass of night!

“ The darkness fades—now pleas’d survey
 “ Yon bright’ning scenes of happier day!—
 “ —The skies we gain—Thy senses o’er
 “ Now comes a bliss unfelt before—
 “ A Spirit that has near us past,
 “ From wing unseen this influence cast.

" Mark ! Julia ! harmless round thee plays,
 " Pour'd from the Sun, the vivid blaze !
 " How beauteous looks yon Cherub blest,
 " That near the Orb delights to rest,
 " And watches, how the issuing ray,
 " Still as it falls can life convey.

" Again we mount—why Julia fear ?—
 " Those fiery Orbs approach not here ;—
 " —Their rapid flight—their crowded blaze
 " In vain thy glancing eye surveys !
 " Yet I through boundless realms of space,
 " Their numbers count, their journey trace.

" Rapt, would'st thou view th'eternal blaze
 " That feeds these suns with ceaseless rays ?
 " —Trembling, thou turn'st from worlds of light !
 " —To lower realms we urge our flight,
 " These systems, that less fiercely glow—
 " Their beings would'st thou scan and know ?

" Say, would thy wondering ear be told
 " The mysteries yon bright forms unfold ?
 " Or learn, how power divine to peace
 " And Life could call the wilds of space ?
 " Yet form the insect's wing that flies
 " Unseen, unfelt by mortal eyes—

" Still would'st thou sink to duller day ?
 " Ah why yon shadowy ball survey—
 " Thou, Julia ! now should'st weep no more—
 " Yon earthly Orb, why look'st thou o'er ?
 " And mark'st not how that tearful scene
 " Chills, as I gaze, my alter'd mien—

" Why, Julia ! sigh'st thou still to view
 " The hapless realms thou bad'st adieu—
 " —Can there or rest or pleasure find
 " Thy finer frame—thy purer mind ;
 " The flower, the child of genial skies,
 " Mid ruder plants but droops and dies—

" Oft Horror, that forgets to breathe,
 " With stifled sense, yon world beneath
 " All ghastly treads ; Oppression there,
 " Mocks the faint heart, and pleading tear ;
 " And there, with eyes that ne'er can close,
 " Groans Jealousy, for lost repose.

" Oft raging o'er those darksome plains,
 " Fierce Madness shakes his sounding chains—
 " There, on his prey, triumphant flies
 " With quivering lip and starting eyes
 " Revenge—and oft, when hovering near,
 " Despair's last sighs I trembling hear.

" There pines Regret—there faint complain
 " Disease, and cheerless Want, and Pain—
 " Ambition there, a giant form,
 " But rests more loud to rouse the storm
 " Of woe, and leagu'd with Ignorance blind,
 " And Carnage, bursts upon mankind—

" Look where yon Patriot Hero braves
 " The brawling storm—the giddy waves !
 " His vessel fails—he sinks—he dies—
 " —Hark ! from yon throng glad shouts arise ;
 " —Now see ! with tears they deck his urn—
 " And would'st thou to yon earth return ?

" Lo ! wand'ring on the darksome stage,
 " By Penury chill'd—the studious sage !
 " See Wisdom from his glance recede !
 " Disease, and Doubt his step impede,
 " See Folly's train his labours spurn !
 " —And would'st thou to that earth return ?

" That softer Form, where beauty blooms,
 " Which Virtue warms, which Grace illumines,
 " Severer pangs is doom'd to prove,
 " With useless tenderness to love ;
 " —And would'st thou thus, my Julia ! burn ?
 " —And would'st thou to yon earth return ?

" Yet think not Wisdom, Virtue, Love,
 " Can mourn on earth unmark'd above ;
 " The Cherub that thou saw'st reclin'd
 " The Sun beside, with Patriot mind
 " Once vainly toil'd—his toils are o'er,
 " His earthly warfare is no more.

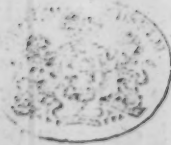
" The Spirit, as from earth we flew,
 " That blissful influence o'er thee threw,
 " Now, can no human sorrow know,
 " Yet felt for thee one kindred glow ;
 " For imag'd fair, in thee, was seen
 " What once on earth, herself had been.

" And I, in doubt no more to mourn,
 " At Wisdom's fount a Seraph burn ;
 " Less dimly view th'eternal cause,
 " Scan Fate's decrees, and Nature's laws—
 " O'er future worlds, and Beings gaze,
 " And wonder into bliss and praise.

" Thou too, to glory raise thine eyes,
 " Speed Seraph ! o'er yon opening skies !
 " For Thee this airy harp I bring,
 " With swiftmess thus inspire thy wing,
 " And thus thy mortal ear uncloze,
 " —Now, Harmony can there repose—

" With angel sense I clothe thy frame,
" O'er thee I breathe the living flame—
" Thy book is clos'd, thy prize is won—
" —Thy trial past—thy bliss begun—
" And kindling from that bliss I view
" Thy changing Form—rise, rise—adieu!

THE END.



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